

# "BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS

The SubGenius® Comic Book

RIP OFF  
PRESS, INC.

"ADULT" SUBGENIUS ONLY

\$2.50  
\$3.50  
CANADA

Nº1



PAUL MAVRIDES  
1989



# "SUBGENIUS"

has *nothing* to do with intelligence.  
has *nothing* to do with race.  
has *nothing* to do with education.  
has *nothing* to do with entertainment.  
has *nothing* to do with skill.  
has *nothing* to do with art.  
has *nothing* to do with **humanity**.

**SUBGENIUS** *Makes Sense, Has Sense,  
Sells Sense.  
Common Sense, Sense of Humor,  
Dollars and Cents.*



**FACE IT — in the coming END TIME  
you'll see a LOT WORSE THINGS than THIS COMIC BOOK.**

The Church of the SuBgenius is the ZORRO of organized religions, scratching its bloody mark on the seat of The Conspiracy with the one point that is the focus of this illustrated tract.

**That point is J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.**

Chosen by space god JHVH-1 and EMACULATED with Mystic Luck Powers, "Bob" Dobbs, The Saint of Sales, Admiral of the Solar System, Fool of the Universe, Founder and High Epopt of the SubGenii, Once-Living SlackMaster for this desiccated, lonely, decaying planet, has been appointed to wheel and deal on our behalf with **The Men from Planet X** and see that

The Conspiracy does NOT SELL EARTH TO THE ALIENS ON X-DAY, July 5, 1998.

Before "Bob's" tragic assassination in 1984, more than anything else in the world, he loved to goof off by reading comics. "Bob" knew that pure unadulterated SLACK was to be found in the cheap tasteless comic book—say, for example, *this* comic book, chock full of sleazy sex, pointless violence and total SLACK.

Well, Sensationalism and Offensiveness are just the tools we use in order to lure you to comprehension of certain awful histories, a secret, unspeakable fate for Earth and your place in The No Future. Sound good? Then you are YETINSYNY — one of the select who dwell unrecognized among the squealing, squalling masses — a *SubGenius*. As a rightful inheritor of SLACK, you will profit from your instinctual **Bulldada Awareness**: you'll be saved, while all those Conspiracy dupes fry!

However, it's TOO LATE for most of you — Perhaps you bought this "comic book" expecting "Entertainment", "Art" or even "Enlightenment". If you did, you'll be plagued by nightmares of this seemingly humble publication for months, if not your few remaining years— and that's just *too damn bad*. Sometimes not even "Bob" can undo the terrible damage The Conspiracy has inflicted. . .

Of course, *you* know better, *you're* no dupe, so sit back, relax and let the Million-Legged Church of the SubGenius crawl around inside your lucky, lucky skull.

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# Care Dog meets Pee Bear



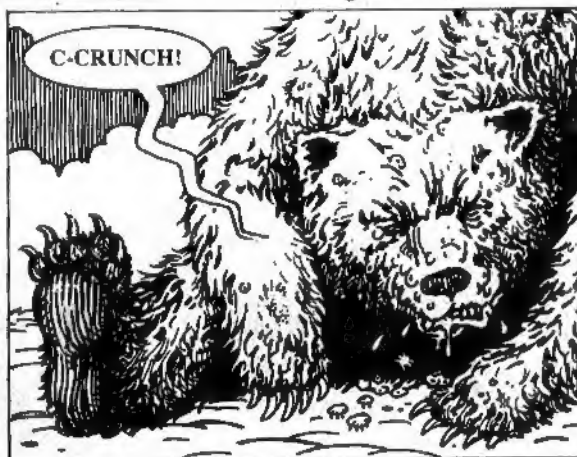
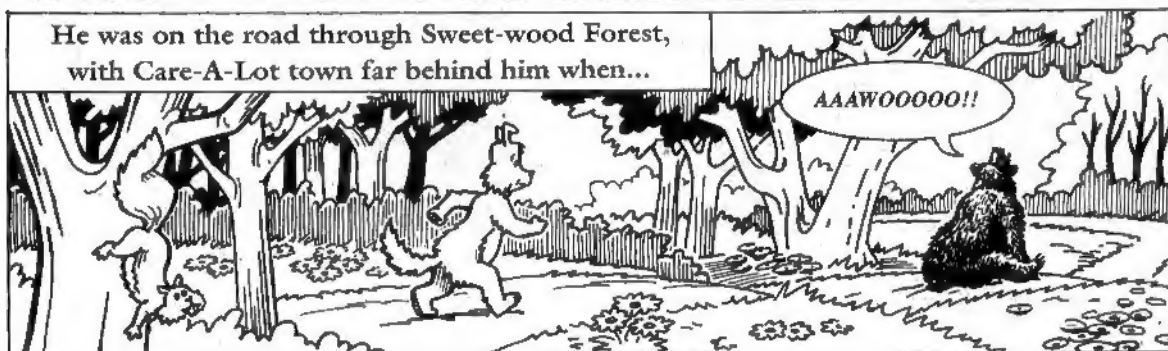
A SubGenius  
Bedtime Story  
by Palmer Vreedeex  
& Ivan Stang

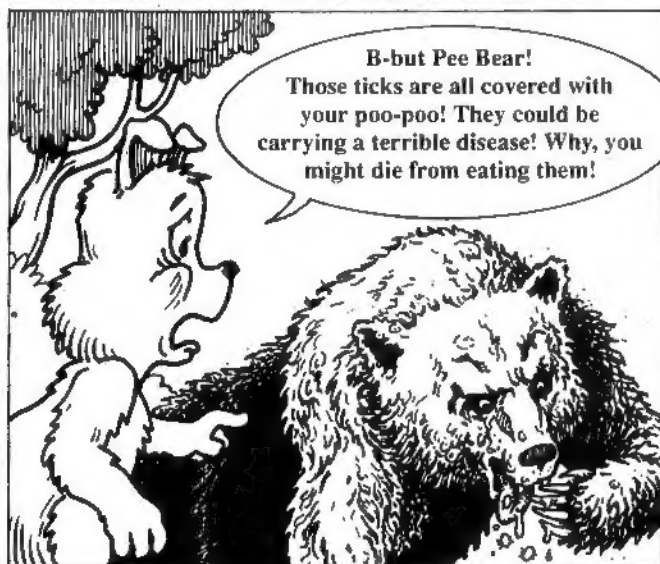
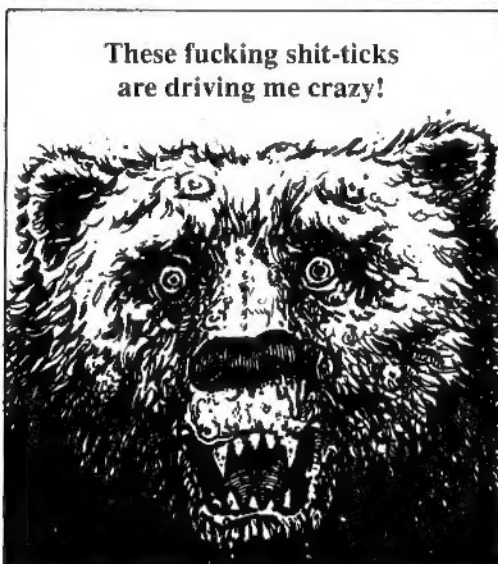
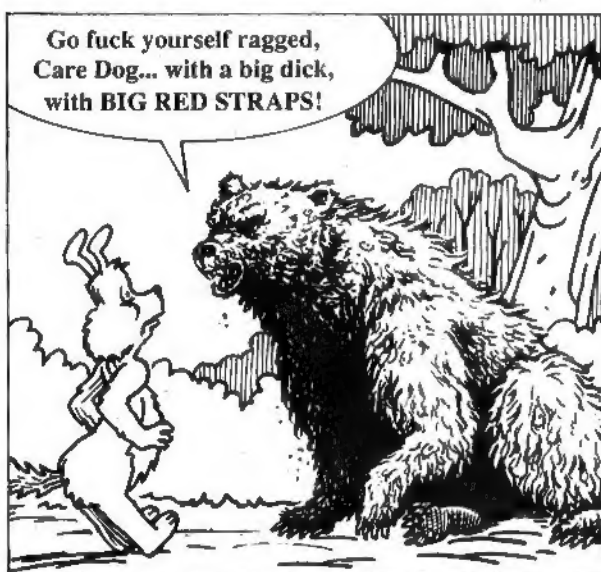
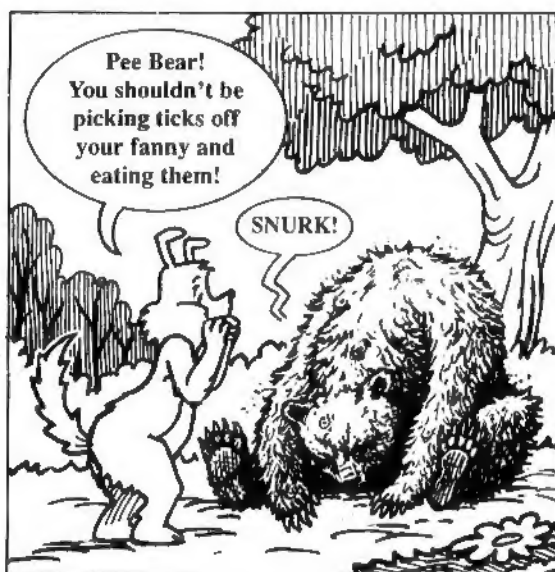
Once upon a time!

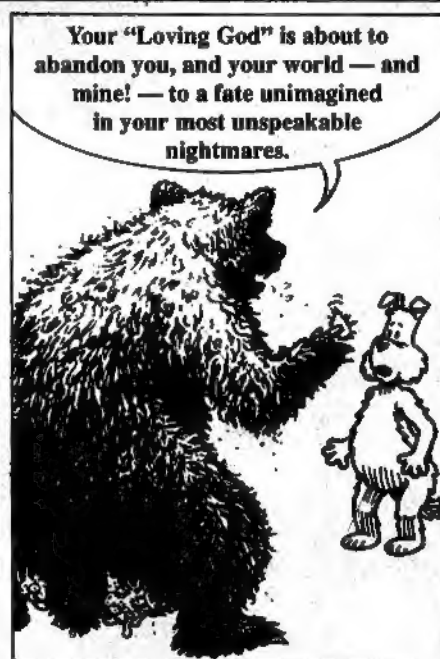
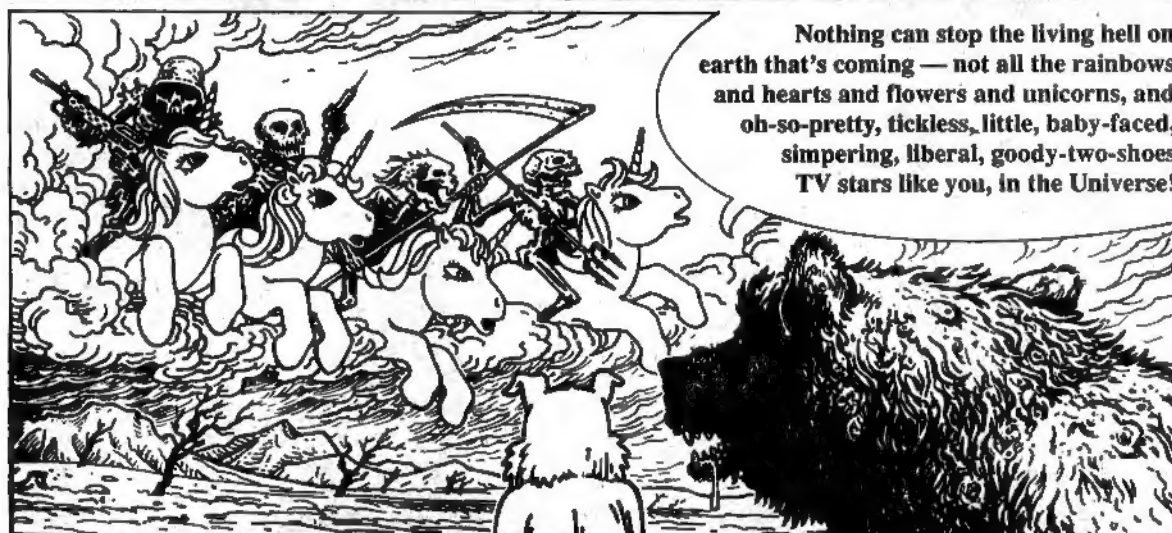
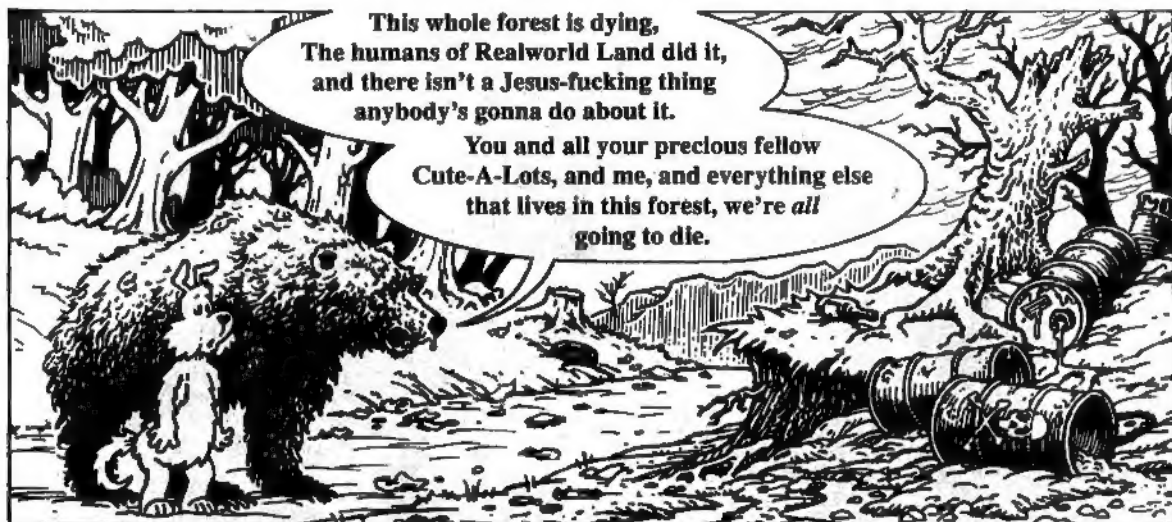
Care Dog was strolling along on a nice, bright, happy, sunny Summer's day.

Sweet-hearted fellow that he was, he enjoyed the beautiful singing of the birds and the comforting buzz of the bees.

He was on the road through Sweet-wood Forest, with Care-A-Lot town far behind him when...





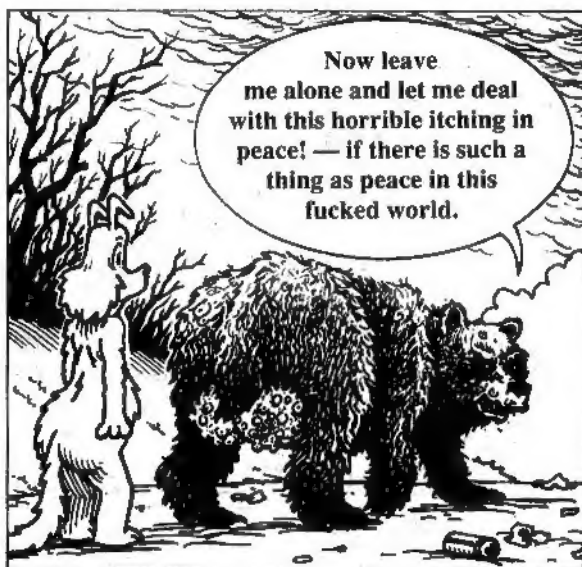




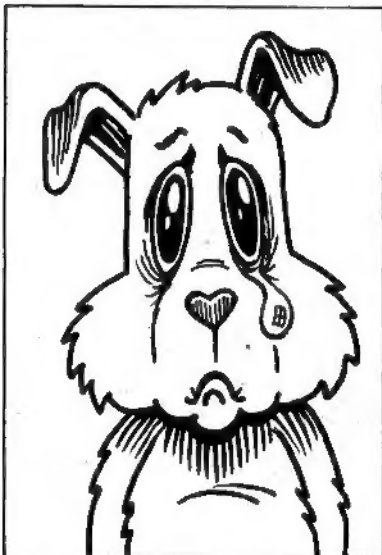
So don't give me your sappy, sweetie-pie CRAP, you sickening, pathetic eunuch of a cutesy-putesy pile of shit!!!



Now leave me alone and let me deal with this horrible itching in peace! — if there is such a thing as peace in this fucked world.



Oh, I'm so sorry, Care Dog. Can you forgive me? I've just been in such a bad mood lately, what with all these ticks and vermin eating away at my poor asshole.



You.. you really mean it, Pee Bear?



Sure, Care Dog. In fact, why don't you come closer? There's a present I'd like to give you.



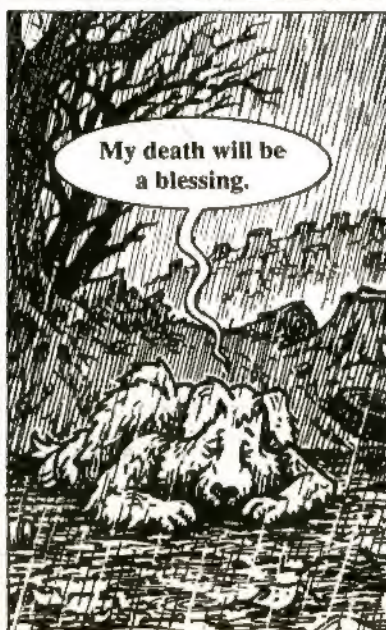
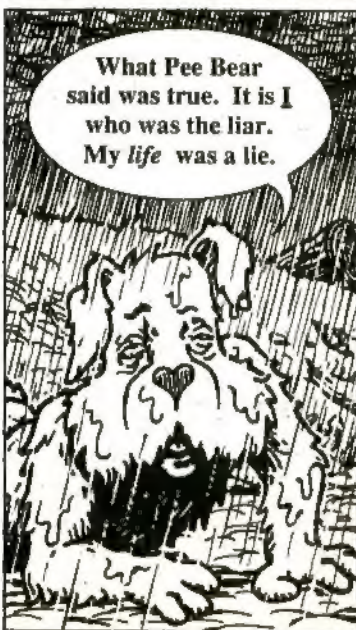
A present for me?



Care Dog didn't notice that his friend had extended his huge, diseased bear penis from its furry sheath, its tip glistening with a drop of anticipatory "gleet," its base writhing with fleas.



Care Dog awoke some time later in great pain...





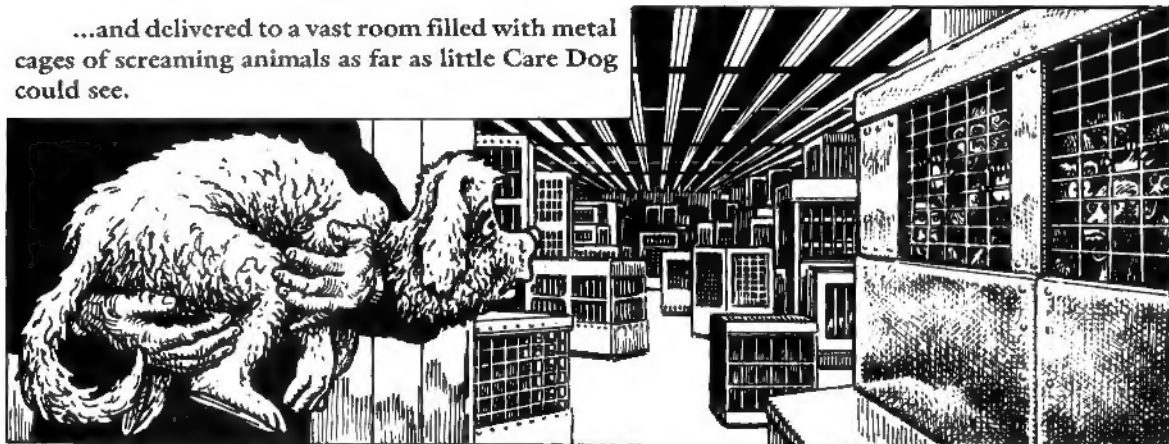


Care Dog and his friends were taken to Realworld Land...





...and delivered to a vast room filled with metal cages of screaming animals as far as little Care Dog could see.



He was locked in a filthy, cramped cell and, even though he was very hungry and sick, ignored for a few days.



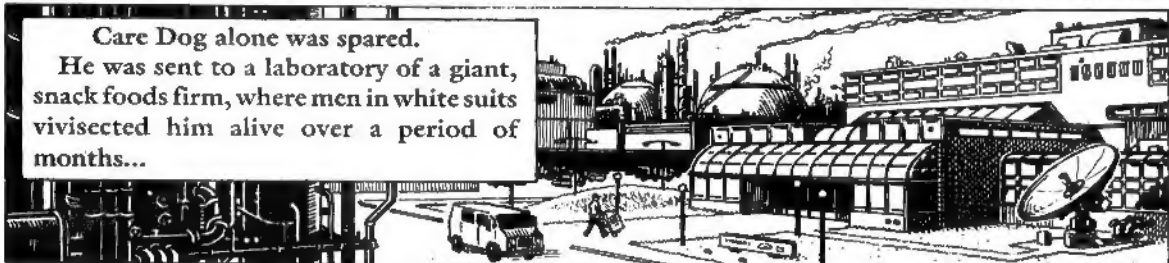
After a week, most of the animals were taken away to a dark chamber and asphyxiated slowly with poisonous gas.

The humans only laughed all the louder as the helpless creatures panicked and died.



Care Dog alone was spared.

He was sent to a laboratory of a giant, snack foods firm, where men in white suits vivisected him alive over a period of months...



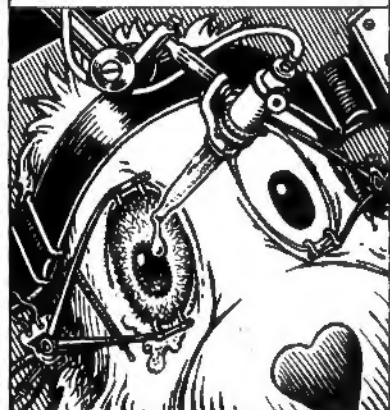
Various types of pseudo stimulants, fat substitutes and artificial flavors were pumped into his veins. . .



They tested strange, new chemicals on Care Dog's raw, exposed organs...



His eyes were burned out with washes of pleasantly scented perfumes...



As the humans took him slowly apart, piece by piece, he was attached to machines that kept him alive,...



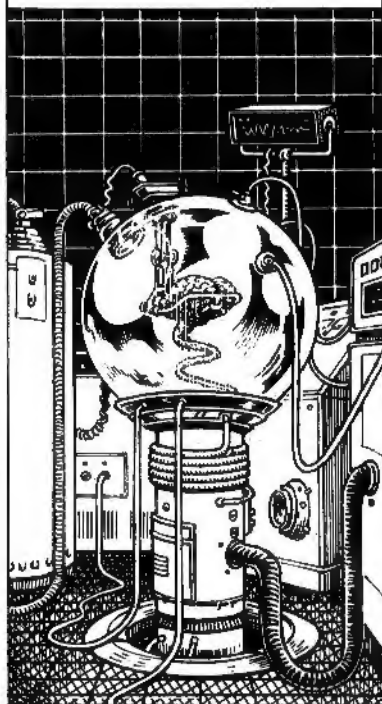
Finally, when his poor body was too broken and mutilated to continue functioning even with the machines, he died...



Then the humans used a special, brand-new machine, which kept his brain alive, indefinitely, perhaps even forever...



It was hailed as a tremendous medical breakthrough, but Care Dog didn't know he was famous—



For he could neither hear nor see nor smell nor feel, but could only *hurt*.

And they all lived ever after.



So when you go to sleep, say a special prayer.

Pray that "Bob" Dobbs will rise soon from the grave, punish the evildoers and pull the plug on the machine that still keeps Care Dog's brain alive in endless, sleepless pain and horror to this very day.

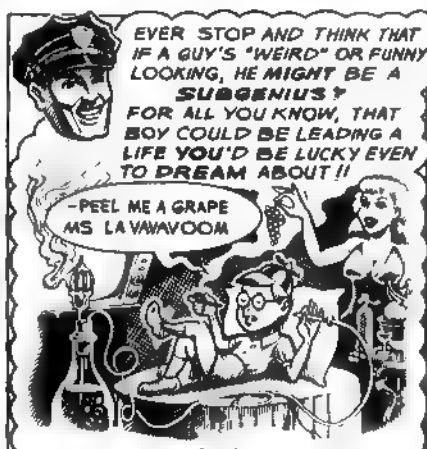
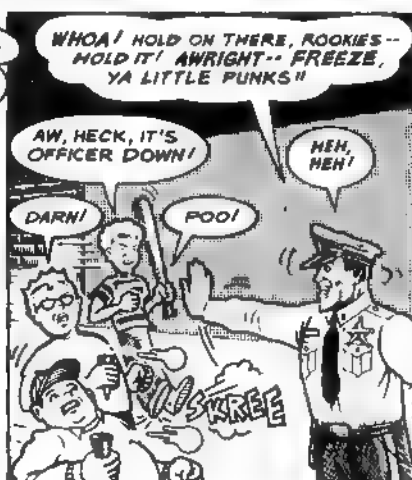


THE END.

—originally published in  
"Bob's" Big Book of Fables for Sleepy-Heads,  
Drummond Press, 1943



# He **MIGHT** be a **SURGENIUS!**

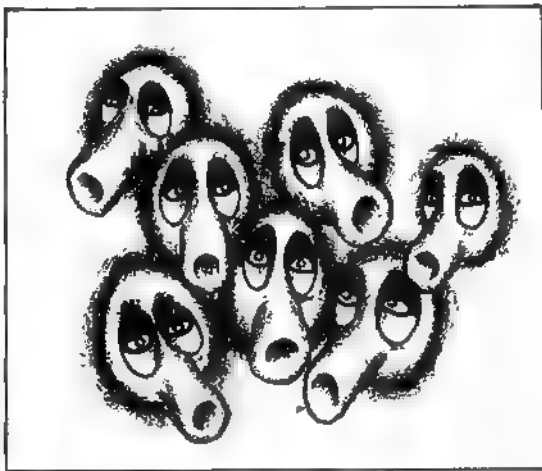


# THE STRANGER'S PARABLE

©1989 BYRON WARNER



AND YET HIS STRENGTH AND ANGER ARE ALSO HIS DOWNFALL! HAMMERHEAD BULLS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CHARGE THEIR OWN SHADOWS, PLOWING INTO A SHEER ROCK WALL AT FULL GALLOP!

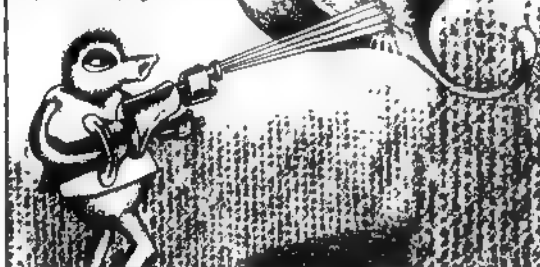




THEN THERE'S  
THE FLYING  
LOVE MANTA!  
NEVER HAS  
THERE BEEN  
A MORE  
LOVING AND  
TRUSTING  
CREATURE!



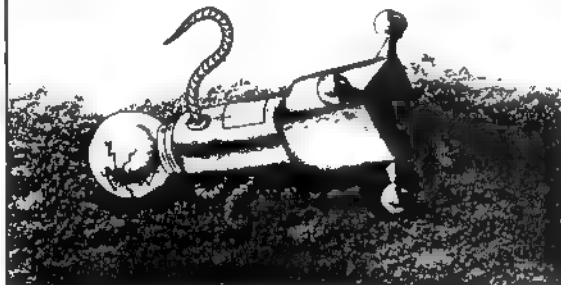
BUT THE VERY TRAITS THAT MADE  
IT SO ENDEARING MADE IT  
EASY PREY  
FOR LOCAL  
HUNTERS!



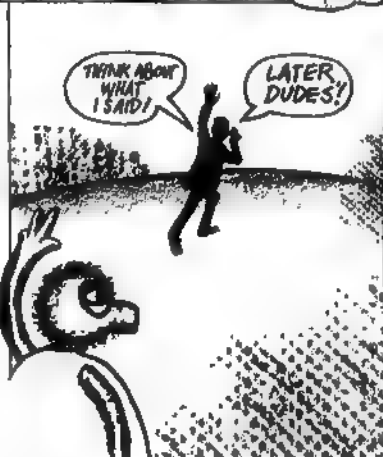
YOUR SERVO-ROBOT IS THE  
PINNACLE OF YOUR SCIENTIST'S  
ACHIEVEMENTS! CAPABLE  
OF INDEPENDENT  
THOUGHT,  
FREE MOBILITY,  
AND A  
HIGH DEGREE  
OF MANUAL  
DEXTERITY!



HOWEVER, IF THE SERVO-ROBOT HAPPENS  
TO TIP OVER, IT IS RENDERED HELPLESS  
AND ALL ITS GREAT INTELLECT IS USELESS!



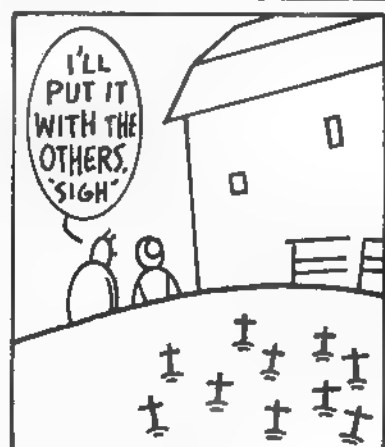
SO YOU SEE, THE IDEAL BEING  
WOULD COMBINE ELEMENTS  
OF ALL THREE: THE STRENGTH  
OF THE HAMMERHEAD  
BULL, THE EMOTION  
OF THE LOVE MANTA,  
AND THE BRAINS  
OF THE SERVO-  
ROBOT!



THINK ABOUT  
WHAT  
I SAID!

LATER  
DUDES!





© 1984 LIES

### MAKE RELIGION A KICK-ASS ADVENTURE!

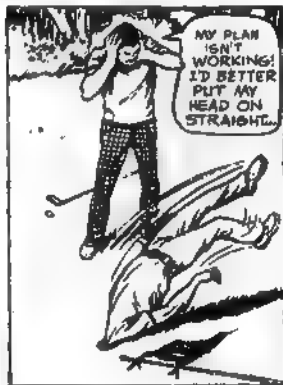
If you blame everyone else but yourself for the rotten shape the world is in, we've got the cult for you! Your abnormalcy is the key to a brighter future full of sex, power and slack! Send \$1.00 to *The Church of The SubGenius*®, P.O. BOX 140306, Dallas TX 75214 for our **HILARIOUS OUTLINE OF DESTRUCTION!** If you can't read, we now offer *ARISE! SubGenius Recruitment Video #16* through **RIP OFF PRESS** for the low, low price of \$42.95 (includes postage & handling, CA residents add \$2.50 sales tax, VHS only)!

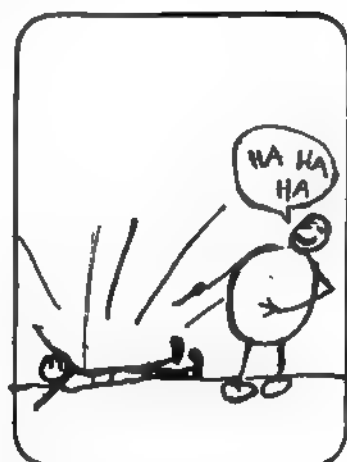
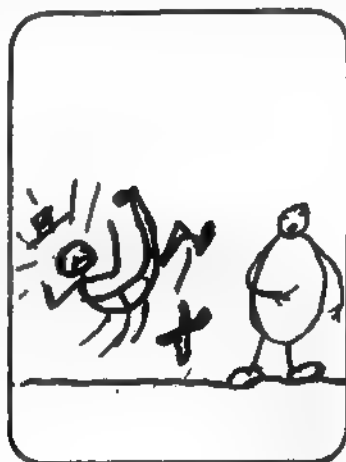
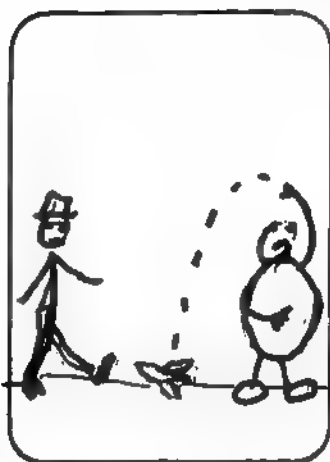


# Strange Golf

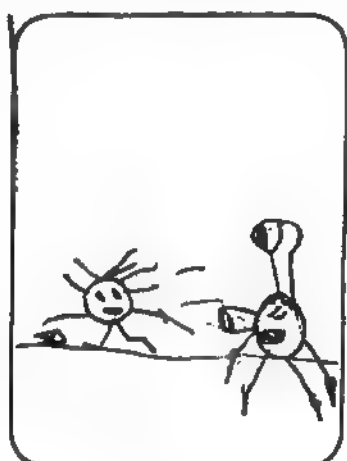
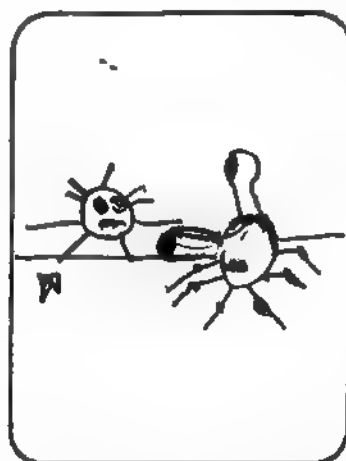
by  
Don Sangre

**GOLF**

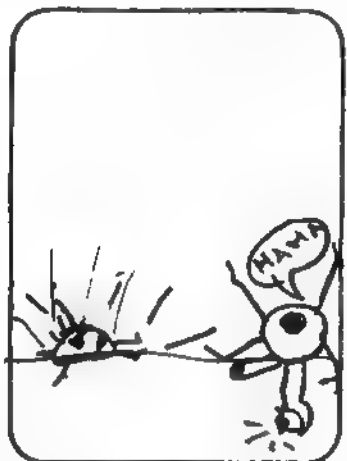
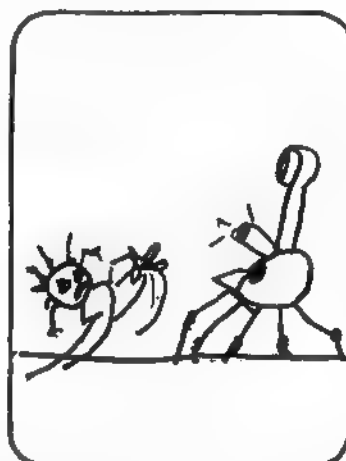
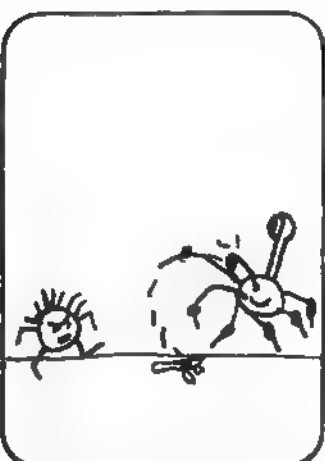




"The Essence of All Humour" by Rev. Ivan Stang



"The Essence of All Horror" by Xandy



"The Essence of Bull-dada." by Xandy and Rev. Ivan Stang



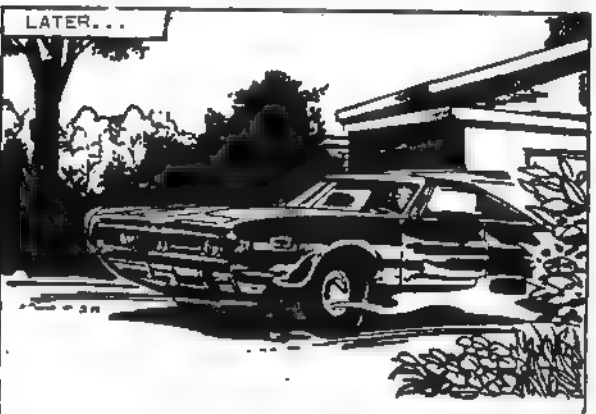
SEX, VIOLENCE, RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY  
FOR ADULTS ONLY!

# One God? Too Many!







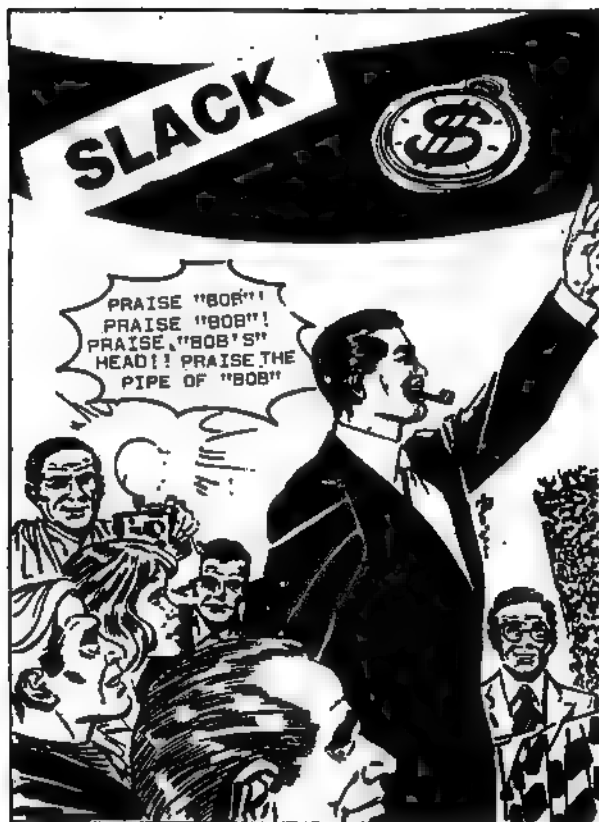


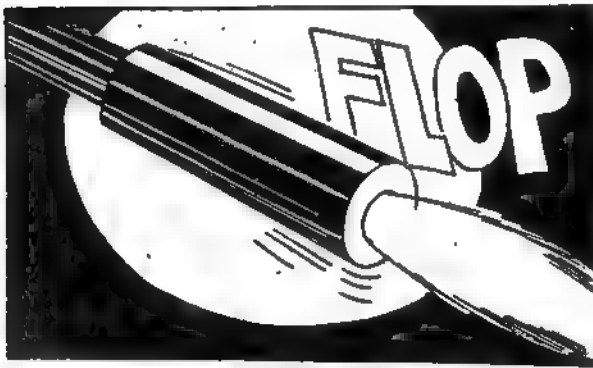
















Send one dollar to P.O. BOX 140306, DALLAS, TX 75214  
The Church of the SubGenius™

EAT IT RAW! OOPS—LET'S BE CIVIL! THIS IS FINE ART, AFTER ALL. WHY I'M WILLING TO BET YOU

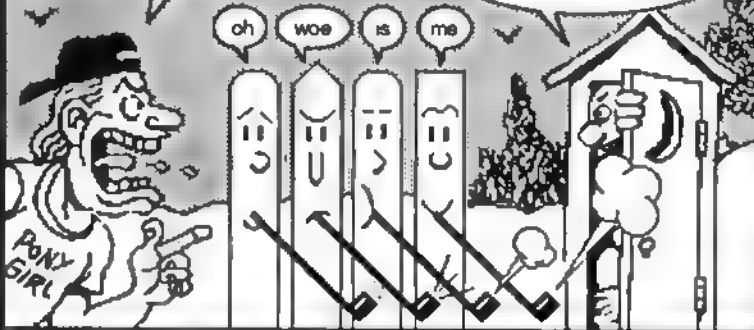
# Double or Nothing

by Senator Kidney

check it out: embargoed snortings and hollerings are often witnessed by several mammals simultaneously, raising many problems for anti-chaos experts.

don't shit where you eat!

oh yeah? well, speak for yourself, pal!



preposterous!



meanwhile, somewhere in the squirtin' universe...



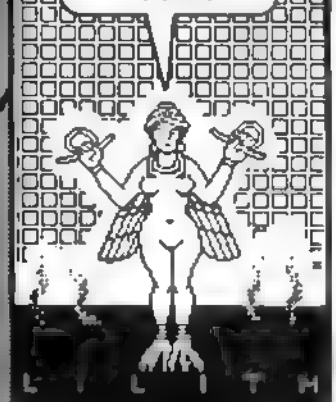
OBLIGATORY SEXUAL INNUENDO...

Twist my mittens for top "fun", OK?

what it is!



Surely you jest!



ptoey! Get thee behind me, Dobbs!

ain't that right, rover!

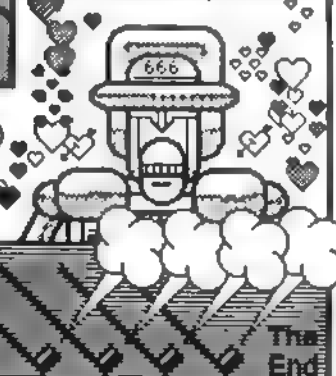
woof

LET'S GO OUT WITH A BANG!

voila!



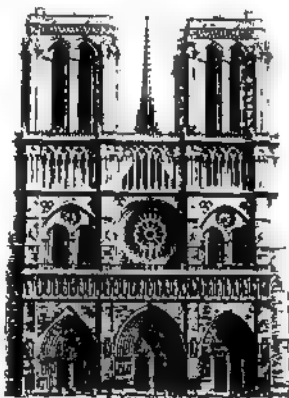
caveat emptor!



© Jay Kinney 7.09

ARTIST'S PROOF

# NOTRE "BOB"



AT PRESENT, ARCHES AND WINDOWS ON SECOND LEVEL SPELL OUT "MOM" REFLECTING THE OBSOLETE THEOLOGICAL TENETS OF THE RELIGIONS HERETOFORE ASSOCIATED WITH THE AGED BUILDING

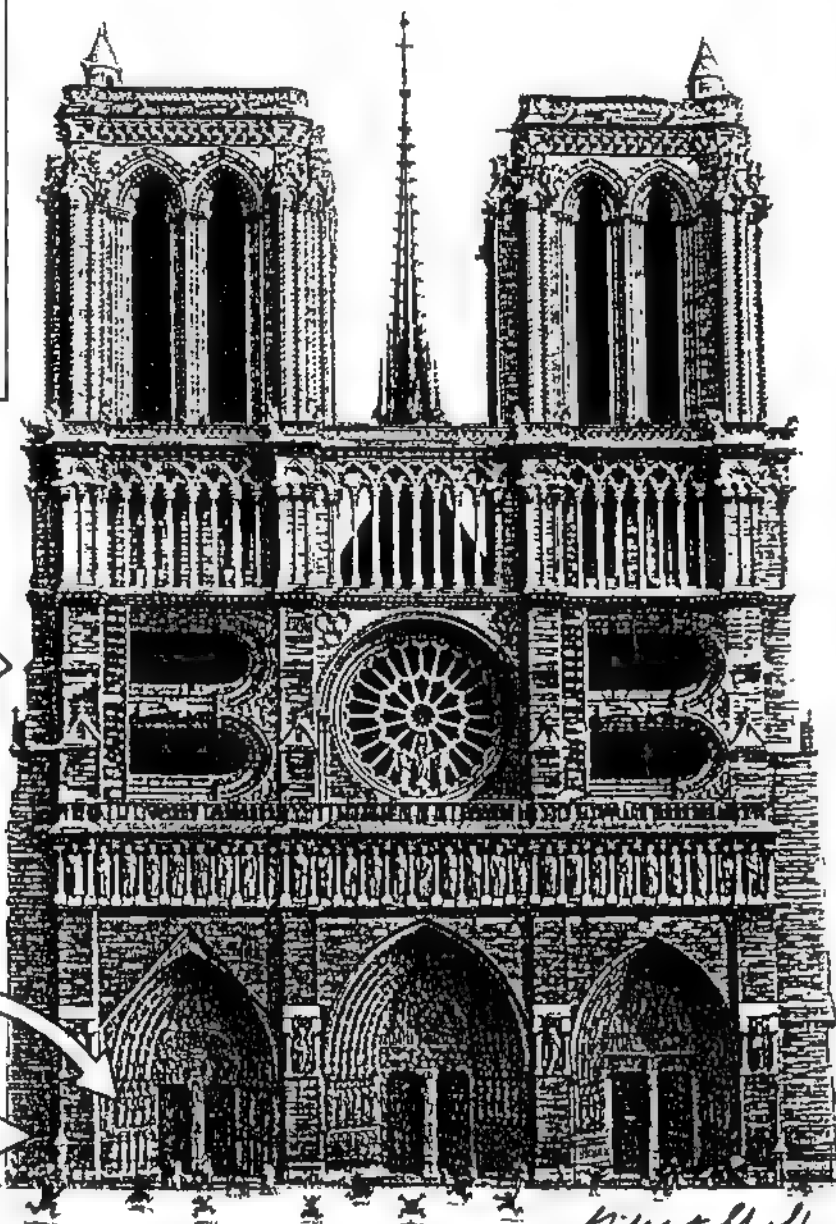
ARCHES WILL MERELY BE ROTATED NINETY DEGREES CLOCKWISE TO SPELL "BOB" THUS PRESERVING THE BASIC ARCHITECTURAL INTEGRITY OF THE EDIFICE.



OUTMODDED SAINTS ON WEST ENTRANCES WILL BE CLEANED UP AND REMADE IN THE IMAGE OF "BOB".

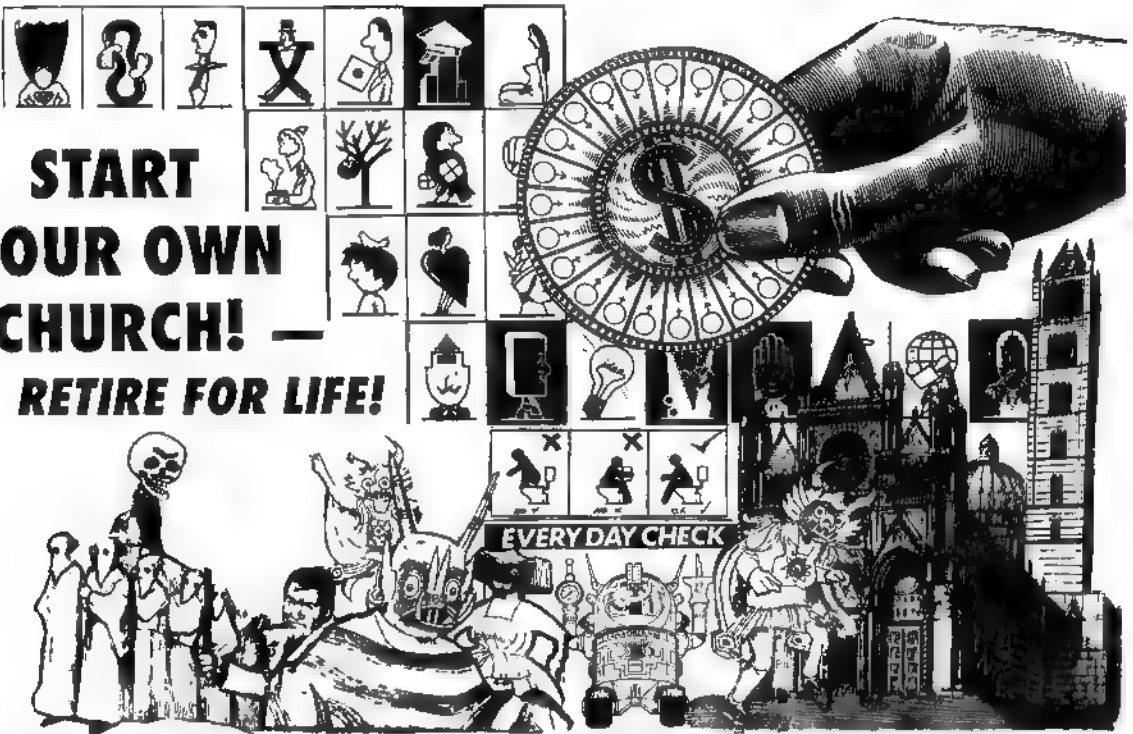
CHEESY-LOOKING WEATHER-DAMAGED STONEMWORK TO BE COVERED WITH PINK, YELLOW, AND GREEN STUCCO.

## PROPOSAL FOR IMPROVEMENTS ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL CENTER OF PARIS



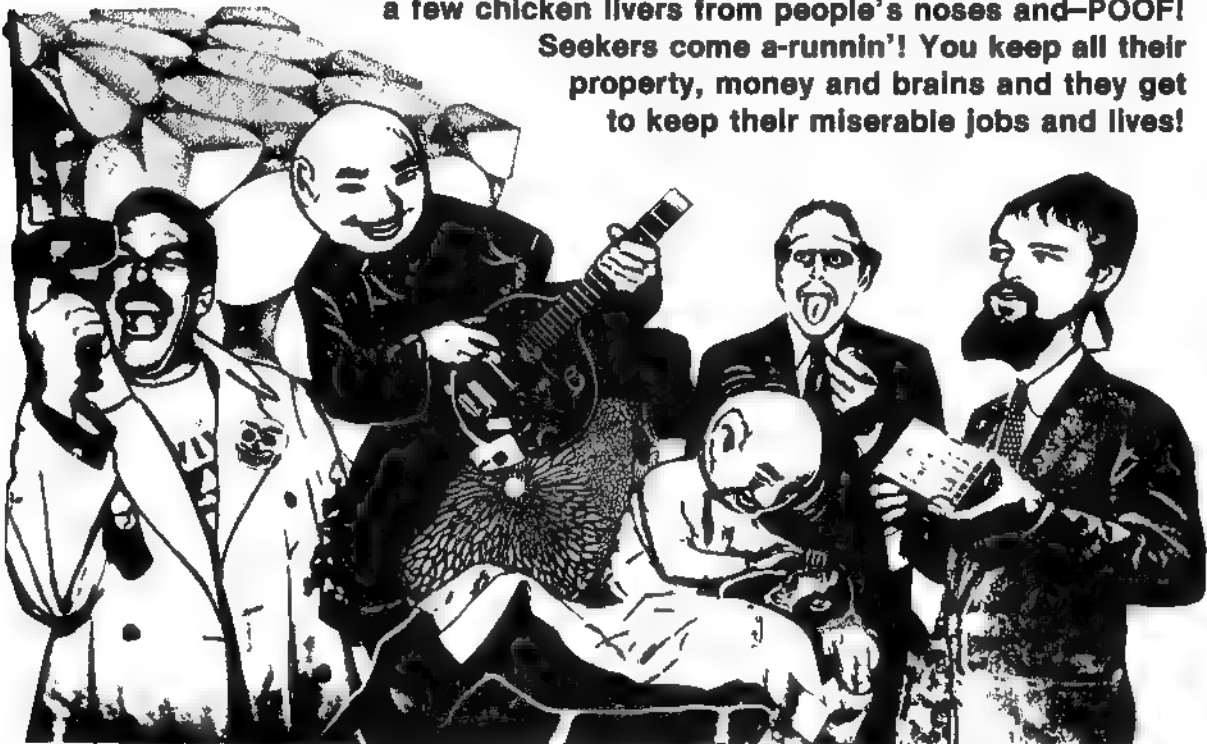


**START  
YOUR OWN  
CHURCH! —  
RETIRE FOR LIFE!**



Hey, don't all these swell comics make you want to go out and start your own church? "Bob" did! I did! You can! You should! Years ago I only *read* these cartoons, and here I am *in* them, in between a flock of famous artists! My *own* church makes millions and sycophants attend my every desire! Slack? For five months, these two pages are the only "work" I've had to do! Yessir, come up with a few silly rituals, incantations and religious procedures, pull a few chicken livers from people's noses and—POOF!

Seekers come a-runnin'! You keep all their property, money and brains and they get to keep their miserable jobs and lives!



**You get to have your own band to play sacred music and drown out non-believers! I make beaucou bucks playing for less than two seconds! It's easy! It's fun! And you don't even have to tune up! Get one of your dupes to pay for the expensive equipment!**



**As I learned in Vlet Nam, a radio show is Number One for spreadin' your Holy Words! Get Church zombies to babble while you spin platters 'til all hours, talking about anything that pops into your head! Insult callers, laugh at sponsors, flaunt FCC regulations, ask for money, money, money! *And they send it in!!***



**Send all your money along with a request for more information on how to break into this lucrative racket to:**

**The PUZZLING EVIDENCE Foundation**

P.O. Box 2189, 2140 Shattuck Ave Berkeley CA 94704

SODOMITE OR SAINT?  
WHAT DOES IT  
MATTER 'CAUSE  
I'M UP FOR...



(ADVERTISEMENT)

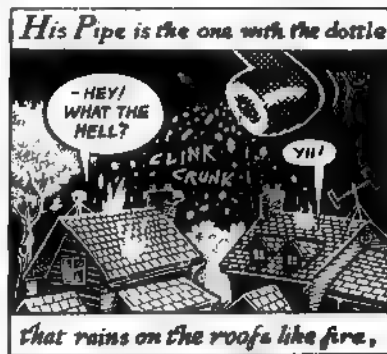
## PULL THE EYES OVER YOUR OWN WOOL !

For Those Who Have Nothing Left... announcing... THE CHURCH OF "DON"

Are you sick and tired of shaven-headed, whimpering, pathetic, cliquish, SubGenius BOOKWORMS pretending like they're actually going to overthrow The Conspiracy when they can't even make a living? The Church of "Don" exudes mockery and hatred for J. R. "Bob" Dobbs and his silly followers, The Church of The SubGenius! Don't get taken in - it's just another religion, folks! We follow an infinite hierarchy of monosyllabically named, white male, 50's, pipe smoking salesmen - all endlessly parodying each other. Art and invention are pointless! We like things THE WAY THEY ARE! We don't cut up our magazines... we might want to read them later, or clip out the COUPONS!! Not like the other Churches! The Church of "Don" doesn't promise you one damn thing but it will cost you a dollar!!

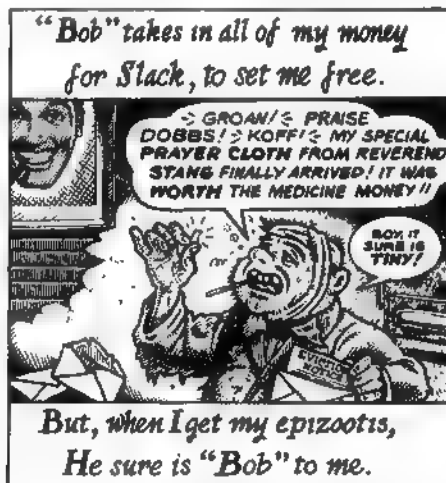
THE CHURCH OF "DON" - 8701 Evergreen, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207



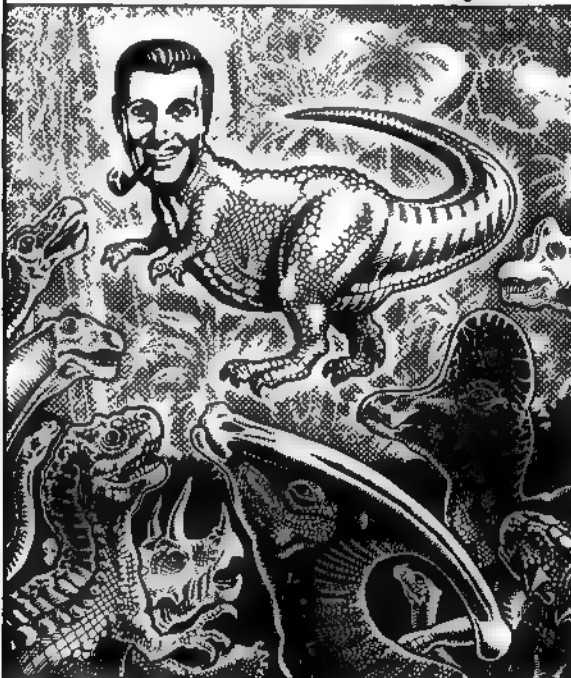


# HE'S "BOB"

## TRADITIONAL PO'BUCKER SONG



He's "Bob,"  
"Bob" don't ever change.



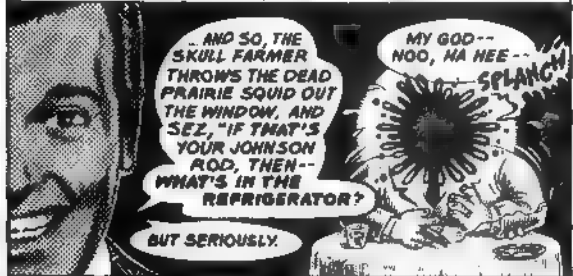
He's "Bob,"  
Always will be "Bob."

The 'Frop in the Pipe he smokin,'



you try, @ you drop down daid.

You see him grinnin' @ jokin,'



His joke explode you haid.  
He's "Bob,"/ "Bob don't ever change.  
He's "Bob,"/ Always will be "Bob."

"Bob" was the God of the Fores'



who claim his Chosen bride,

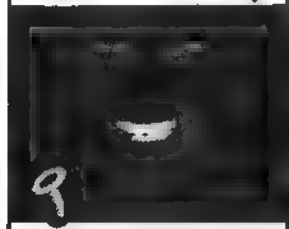
His Pet was a Brontosaurus,



That "Bob" he use to ride--

He's "Bob,"

"Bob" don't ever change.



He's "Bob,"  
Always will be "Bob."

"Bob" had a woman nama Connie,



she was a righteous frail.

She had lots of friends name Johnny



When "Bob" he hit the trail...

He's "Bob," / "Bob" don't ever change.  
He's "Bob," / Always will be "Bob."



"Bob," he rode up to Heaven,

to fade Jehovah One.  
"Bob," he got a straight seven,



Jehovah, he got none.

Oh, he's "Bob,"  
"Bob" don't ever change



He's "Bob,"  
Always will be "Bob."

"Bob," he rode down to the Devil, / who said, "BOB," YOU BETTER PRAY!



"Bob" whang on his haid with a shovel.



He make that Devil say,

HE'S "BOB,"  
"BOB" DON'T EVER CHANGE.  
HE'S "BOB."  
ALWAYS WILL BE "BOB."



But it was surely a sad day  
when "Bob" he came to town,



He smile @ he wave, on that bad day,

Yeah, he's "Bob,"  
"Bob" don't ever change.



He's "Bob,"  
Always will be "Bob."

All you Pink Boys, fascists @ sexists--



"normal," TV watchin' creeps,

When "Bob" comes back with the Xists,



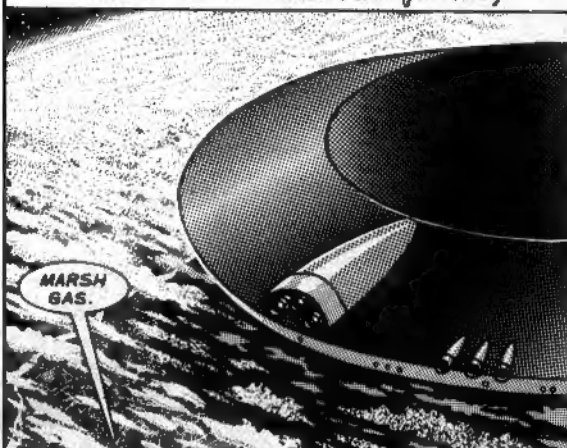
You goin' to die in heaps.

'Cause he's "Bob,"  
"Bob" don't ever change.



He's "Bob,"  
Always will be "Bob."

So I got to be there, at that Nexus,  
when "Bob" come back for me,



In a spaceship the size of Texas ...

But Wellman shot him down.



— At the End Time Jubilee!  
He's "Bob,"/"Bob" just stays the same.



He's "Bob,"/"Bob" don't ever change!



# ZOMBIES FOR "BOB"



**St. Byron Werner** is a wealthy biochemist who draws in his spare time. An early Proto-SubGenius Apostle, he is also a high-ranking member of the UFO religion, *Unarius*, and, using a stage name and wig, plays lead guitar for a world-famous rock band — the identity of which he prefers to withhold from his friends. He is married to a former Miss America.

**Rev. Gilbert Key Shelton**, OverHero of the Under-The-Counterculture, bludgeon humorist and professional linguist, also happens to be co-publisher of "Bob's" Favorite Comics. He maintains a studio/laboratory in both Paris, Texas and Angmagssalik, Greenland, where he fritters away the time on cartooning, cold fission research and running his schism church, Fundaligionism.



**Dr. Harry S. Robins aka Dr. Howl** is by turns a psychic paraproctologist, paleontologist, cartoonist and film actor. In 1985, he claimed to have captured, and then released out of pity, the elusive African apatosaurus, *Mokele M'Bembe*. He co-hosts the syndicated SubGenius, KPFA radio program, *More Than A Howl — Less Than A Show*, with Puzzling Evidence.

**Rev. Ivan Stang aka Ivan Yakinof Rasputin-Romanov Stankovich**, is a direct descendant of Rasputin's bastard daughter by the Tsarina Alexandria, making him the sole heir to the throne of Russia. His mastery of the occult "arts" has resulted in award-winning pornographic animation and three bestselling books: *The Book of The SubGenius*, *High Weirdness*; *3-Fisted Tales of "Bob"*.



**Donna Sangre, aka Carol Lay**, after a turbulent off-on relationship with the SubGenius Church, now heads the infamous band of all-women art guerillas, *The Bad Girls*. Before being driven into hiding by recent firebomb attacks on her home in Los Angeles by angry art dealers and gallery owners, she was a successful comic and film storyboard artist.

**Hellswami—Satellite Weavers** schooled in the arcane quasi-sciences of Zermatism and Time Control. He shunned a physics professorship at M.I.T. to become a SubGenius Adept. The Hellswami originated the "look" that is now called "Sub-Design" made famous by Book of The SubGenius. He lives in a Flintstones-style cave in the Funeral Mountains north of Death Valley.



**Senator Jay Kinney (R-Montana, retired)** was a consummate politician who threw it all away to move to a tiny desert island off the Central American coast. His efforts in the 50's to "send the Masons back to Egypt" made him famous, but the political backlash drove him from office. He now co-edits *GNOSIS* magazine and is Cult-Consultant for The Church.

**Horizon Unlimited Master Control Programming** is the front name for a Boston-based pyramid marketing scheme that has, so far, remained impervious to all investigations by the Federal Securities & Exchange Commission. One branch of HUMCP is devoted to the production of Church propaganda projects for all levels of media



**President Xandy Smith** is a product of the Dobbstown Genetic Labs in Malaysia. "Decanted" in 1980, Smith (or "Child Prophet XY") was the first person to be trained since birth in Dobbsian Breakthinking. With his test-tube 'sister', "Tevis," Smith is being kept in seclusion until the Fall of Nations in 1998, when he will be appointed Overlord of Texas to rule a SubGenius America.

**St. Palmer Vreedeez, aka LIES**, although now working for the IRS, originally gained fame as a controversial, rogue "death artist". Founder of the post-decadent aesthetic philosophy of "Primitive Victimization," as well as one of Dobbs' first Fishers of Wallets, sardonic theoretician and practitioner of Bulldada, he is least known as co-designer of *The Book of The SubGenius*.



**Puzzling Evidence, aka Unibrow, The Bröw, D.A. Wellman, Woodman D. Atwell, D. Wellwood Atman**, was a national Naval Intelligence officer in charge of Pentagon disinformation operations from 1965 to 1973. He resigned his commission when the Senate Watergate investigation threatened to uncover the *real* reasons behind the Vietnam conflict. He persued avant-garde combat photography until joining The Church in 1979. He was etched into the Templates of History in 1984, when he assassinated J.R. "Bob" Dobbs—and went free when Dobbs' body vanished before trial. Atman has been eulogized by the pop group *Talking Heads*, on their album *True Stories*.

**Rev. Robert Williams** insight into the meta-patapsychology of modern art trends and their victims has made him a collectable among the consuming hives of the North American mass-wad. His many comics, paintings and posters—all executed in a remote Amazonian village using native tools, pigments and dyes have netted him great acclaim.





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